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Shakespeare

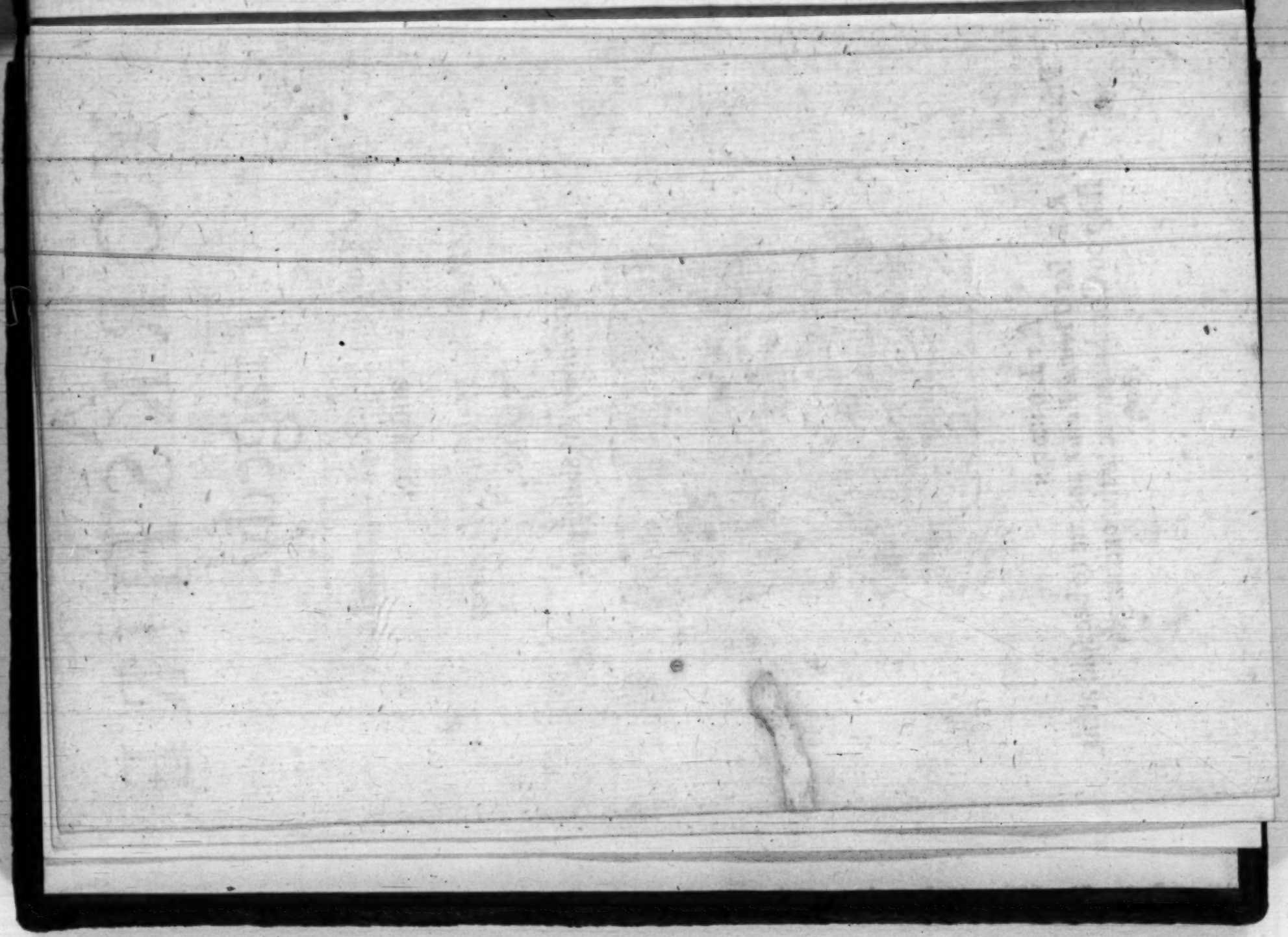
A YORKSHIRE Tragedy.

Not so New as Lamentable
and true.

Acted by his Maiesties Players at
the *Globe*.

Written by VV. Shakspeare.

AT LONDON
Printed by *R. B.* for *Thomas Pauier* and are to bee sold at his shop on Cornhill, neere to the exchange.
1608.



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Shakespeare

ALL'S ONE,
OR,
One of the foure Plaies in one, called a *York-shire* Tragedy: as it was plaid by the Kings Maiesties Plaiers.

(.*.)

Enter Oliuer *and* Ralph, *two seruingmen.*

Oliu. SIrrah *Raph*, my yong Mistrisse is in such a pittifull passionate humor for the long absence of her loue,

Raph. Why can you blame her, why, apples hanging longer on the tree then when they are ripe, makes so many fallings. viz Madde wenches because they are not gathered in time, are faine to drop of them selues, and then tis Common you know for euery man to take em vp.

Oliu. Mass thou saiest true, Tis common indeede, but sirah, is neither our young maister returned, nor our fellow Sam come from London?

Ralph. Neither of either, as the Puritan bawde saies.
Slidd I heare *Sam*, *Sam's* come, her's Tarry, come, yfaith now my nose itches for news

Oliue, and so doe's mine elbowe,

Sam calls within, *where are you there?*

Sam. Boy look you walk my horſe with diſcretion, I haue rid him ſimply, I warrand his skin ſticks to his back with very heate, if a ſhould catch cold & get the Cough of the Lunges I were well ſerued, were I not? What Raph and Oliuer.

Am. Honeſt fellow *Sam* welcome yfaith, what tricks haſt thou brought from London.

Furniſht with things from London.

Sa. You ſee I am hangd after the trueſt faſhion, three hats, and two glaſſes, bobbing vpon em, two rebato wyers vpon my breſt, a capcaſe by my ſide, a bruſh at my back, an Almanack in my pocket, & three ballats in my Codpeece, naie I am the true picture of a Common ſeruingman.

Oliuer Ile ſweare thou art, Thou maiſt ſet vp when thou wilt, Ther's many a one begins with leſſe I can tel thee that proues a rich man ere he dyes, but whats the news from London *Sam*,

Ralph. I thats well ſed, whats the newes from London Sirrah.

My young miſtreſſe keeps ſuch a puling for hir loue.

Sam. Why? the more foole ſhee, I, the more ninny hammer ſhee.

Oli. Why *Sam* why?

Sam. Why hees married to another Long agoe?

Ambo. Ifaith ye I eſt.

Sam. Why, did you not know that till now? why, hees married, beates his wife, and has two or three children by her: for you muſt note that any woman beares the more when ſhe is beaten.

Raph. I thats true for ſhee beares the blowes.

Oliuer

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Oliu. Sirrah Sam, I would not for two years wages my yong mistres knew so much, sheed run vpon the leste hand of her wit, and nere be here owne woman agen.

Sam. And I think she was blest in her Cradle, that he neuer came in her bed, why hee has consumed al, pawnd his lands, and made his vniuersitie brother stand in waxe for him, Thers a fine phrase for a scriuener, puh he owes more then his skins worth.

Oli. Is't possible.

Sa. Nay Ile tell you moreouer he calls his wife whore as familiarly as one would cal *Mal* & *Dol*, and his children bastards as naturally as can bee, but what haue we heere, I thought twas somwhat puld downe my breeches: I quite forgot my two potingsticks, these came from London, now any thing is good heer that comes from London.

Oli. I, farre fetcht you know.

Sam. But speak in your conscience yfaith, haue not we as good potingsticks ith Cuntry as need to be put ith fire, The mind of a thing is all, The mind of a thing's all, and as thou saidst eene now, farre fetcht is the best thinges for Ladies.

Oliu. I, and for waiting gentle women to.

Sam. But Ralph, what, is our beer sower this thunder?

Oli. No no it holds countenance yet.

Sam. Why then follow me, Ile teach you the finest humor to be drunk in, I learnd it at London last week.

Am: I faith lets heare it, lets heare it.

Sam. The braueſt humor, twold do a man good to

hee drunck in't, they call it knighting in London, when they drink vpon their knees.

Am. Faith that's excellent.

Come follow me, Ile giue you all the degrees ont in order. *Exeunt.*

Enter wife.

Wife. What will become of vs? all will awaie,
my husband neuer ceases in expence,
Both to consume his credit and his house:
And tis set downe by heauens iust decree,
That Ryotts child must needs be beggery,
Are these the vertues that his youth did promise,
Dice, and voluptuous meetings, midnight Reuels,
Taking his bed with surfetts. Ill beseeming
The auncient honor of his howse and name:
And this not all: but that which killes me most,
When he recounts his Losses and false fortunes,
The weaknes of his state soe much deiected,
Not as a man repentant: but halfe madd:
His fortunes cannot answere his expence:
[illegible] sits and sullenly lockes vp his Armes, (him
Forgetting heauen looks downward, which makes
Appeare soe dreadfull, that he frights my heart,
Walks heauyly, as if his soule were earth:
Not penitent for those his sinnes are past:
But vext, his mony cannot make them last.
A fearefull melancholie vngodly sorrow.
Oh yonder he comes, now in despight of ills
Ile speake to him, and I will heare him speake,
And do my best to driue it from his heart.

Enter

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Enter Husband.

Hus. Poxe oth Last throw, it made
Fiue hundred Angels vanish from my sight,
I me damnd, I me damnd: the Angels haue forsook me
Nay tis certainely true: for he that has no coyne
Is damnd in this world: hee's gon, hee's gon.
Wi. Deere husband.
Hus. Oh! most punishment of all I haue a wife,
Wi. I doe intreat you as you loue your soule,
Tell me the cause of this your discontent.
Hus. A vengeance strip thee naked, thou art cause,
Effect, quality, property, thou, thou, thou. *Exit.*
Wife. Bad, turnd to worse?
both beggery of the soule, as of the bodie.
And so much vnlike him selfe at first,
As if some vexed spirit
Had got his form vpon him. *Enter Husband*
He comes agen: *againe.*
He saies I am the cause, I never yet
Spoke lesse then wordes of duty, and of loue.
Hus. If mariage be honourable, then Cuckolds are honourable, for they cannot be made without marriage.

Foole: what meant I to m arryto get beggars?
now must my eldest sonne be a knaue or nothing, he cannot liue vppot'h foole, for he wil haue no land to maintaine him: tha t morgage sits like a snaffle vpon mine inheritance, and makes me chaw vpon Iron.
My second sonne must be a promooter, and my third a theefe, or an vnderputter, a slaue pander.

Oh

Oh beggery, beggery, to what base vses dost thou put a man.
I think the Deuill scornes to be a bawde.
He beares himselfe more proudly, has more care on's credit.
Base slauish abiect filthie pouertie.
Wi. Good sir; by all our vowes I doe beseech you,
Show me the true cause of your discontent?
Hus. Mony, mony, mony, and thou must supply me.
Wi. Alas, I am the lest cause of your discontent,
Yet what is mine, either in rings or Iewels
Vse to your own desire, but I beseech you,
As y'are a gentleman by many bloods,
Though I my selfe be out of your respect
Thinke on the state of these three louely boies
You haue bin father to.
Hu. Puh Bastards, bastards, bastards, begot in tricks, begot in tricks.
Wi. Heauen knowes how those words wrong me? but I maie,
Endure these griefes among a thousand more.
On, call to mind your lands already morgadge,
Your selfe woond into debts, your hopefull brother,
At the vniuersitie in bonds for you
Like to be ceald vpon. And
Hu, Ha done thou harlot,
Whome though for fashion sake I married,
I neuer could abide: thinkst thou thy wordes
Shall kill my pleasures, fal of to thy friends,
Thou and thy bastards begg: I will not bate

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A whit in humor? midnight ſtill I loue you,
And reuel in your Company; Curbd in,
Shall it be ſaid in all ſocieties,
That I broke cuſtome, that I flagd in monie,
No, thoſe thy iewels, I will play as freely
As when my ſtate was fulleſt.

Wi. Be it ſo.

H. Nay I proteſt, and take that for an earneſt, *ſpurns her*
I will for euer hould thee in contempt,
And neuer touch the ſheets that couer thee,
But be diuorſt in bed till thou conſent,
Thy dowry ſhall be ſold to giue new life
Vnto thoſe pleaſures which I moſt affect

Wi. Sir doe but turne a gentle eye on me,
And what the law ſhall giue me leaue to do
You ſhall command.

Hu. Look it be done, ſhal I want duſt & like a ſlaue
weare nothing in my pockets but my hands
To fil them vp with nailes. *holding his hands in his pockets.*
Oh much againſt my blood, let it be done,
I was neuer made to be a looker on:
A bawde to dice? Ile ſhake the drabbs my ſelfe
And make em yeeld, I ſaie look it be done.

Wi. I take my leaue it ſhall. *Exit.*

Hu. Speedily, ſpeedily, I hate the very howre I choſe a wife a trouble trouble, three children like three euils hang vpon me, fie, fie, fie, ſtrumpet, & baſtards, ſtrumpet and baſtards.

Enter three Gentlemen heering him.

1 Gent. Still doe thoſe loathſome thoughts Iare on

your tongue.
Your selfe to staine the honour of your wife,
Nobly discended, those whom men call mad
Endanger others; but hee's more then mad
That wounds himselfe, whose owne wordes do pro-
Scandalls vniust, to soile his better name: (claym
It is not fit I pray forsake it.

2 *Gen.* Good sir, let modestie reproue you.

3. *Gen.* Let honest kindnes sway so much with you.

Hu. God den, I thanke you sir, how do yo u, adeiue,
Ime glad to see you, farewel Instructions, Admoniti-
ons. *Exeun Gent.*

Enter a seruant.

Hu. How now sirra what wud you,

Ser. Only to certifie you sir, that my mistris was met by theway, by thē who were sent for her vp to Londō by her honorable vnkle, your worships late gardian.

Hus. So sir, then she is gon and so may you be:
But let her looke that the thing be done she wots of:
or hel wil stand more pleasāt thē her house at home.

Enter a Gentle man.

Gen. Well or ill met I care not.

Hus. No nor I.

Gen. I am come with confidence to chide you.

Hu. Who me? chide me? doo't finely then: let it not moue me, for if thou chidst me angry I shall strike.

Gen. Strike thine owne follie, for it is they
Deserue to be wel beaten, we are now in priuate,
Ther's none but thou and I? thou'rt fond & peeuish,
An vncleane ryoter, thy landes and Credit

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Lie now both ſick of a conſumption
I am ſorry for thee: that man ſpends with ſhame
That with his ritches does conſume his name:
And ſuch art thou.
Huſ. Peace.
Gent. No thou ſhalt heare me further:
Thy fathers and forefathers worthy honors,
Which were our country monuments: our grace,
Follies in thee begin now to deface:
The ſpring time of thy youth did fairely promiſe
ſuch a moſt fruitfull ſummer to thy friends
It ſcarce can enter into mens beliefes,
Such dearth ſhould hang on thee, wee that ſee it,
Are ſorry to beleeue it: in thy change,
This voice into all places wil be hurld:
thou and the deuill has deceaued the world.
Huſ. Ile not indure thee.
Gent. but of all the worſt:
Thy vertuous wife right honourably allied
Thou haſt proclaimed a ſtrumpet.
Huſ. Nay then I know thee,
Thou art her champion thou, her priuat friend,
The partie you wot on.
Gent. Oh ignoble thought.
I am paſt my patient bloode, ſhall I ſtand idle
and ſee my reputation toucht to death.
Hu. Ta's galde you this, has it.
Gent. No monſter, I will proue
My thoughts did only tend to vertuous loue,
Loue of her vertues? there it goes:

Gent. Baſe ſpirit,
To laie thy hate vpon the fruitfull *They fight and the*
Honor of thine own bed. *Husbands hurt.*
Hu. Oh,
Ge. Woult thou yeeld it yet?
Hu. Sir, Sir, I haue not done with you,
Gent. I hope nor nere ſhall doe. *Fight agen.*
Hu. Haue you got tricks are you in cunning with me.
Gent. No plaine and right.
He needs no cunning that for truth doth fight.
Husband falls downe.
Hu. Hard fortune, am I leueld with the ground?
Gent. Now ſir you lie at mercy,
Hu. I you ſlaue.
Ge. Alas that hate ſhould bring vs to our graue:
You ſee my ſword's not thirſty for your life,
I am ſorrier for your woonde then your ſelfe,
Y'are of a vertuous houſe, ſhow vertuous deeds
Tis not your honour, tis your folly bleedes,
Much good has bin expected in your life,
Cancell not all mens hopes, you haue a wife
Kind and obedient: heape not wrongfull ſhame
On her your poſterity, let only ſin be ſore,
And by this fall, riſe neuer to fall more.
And ſo I leaue you. *Exit.*
Hu. Has the dogg left me then
After his tooth hath left me? oh my hart
Would faine leape after him, reuenge I ſaye,
Ime mad to be reueng'd, my ſtrumpet wife:

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It is thy quarrel that rips thus my flesh,
And makes my brest spit blood, but thou shalt bleed:
Vanquisht? got downe? vnable eene to speak?
Surely tis want of mony makes men weake,
I? twas that orethrew me, Id'e nere bin downe els. *Exi*

Enter wife in a riding suite with a seruingman.

Seru. Faith mistris If it might not bee presumtion
In me to tell you so, for his excuse
You had smal reason, knowing his abuse,
Wi. I grant I had, but alasse,
Whie should our faults at home be spred abroad:
Tis griefe enough within dores: At first sight
Myne Vncle could run ore his prodigall life
As perfectly, as if his serious eye
Had nombred all his follies:
Knew of his morgadg'd lands, his friends in bonds,
himselfe withered with debts: And in that minute
Had I added his vsage and vnkindnes,
Twould haue confounded euery thought of good:
Where now, fathering his ryots one his youth,
Which time and tame experience will shake off,
gessing his kindnes to me (as I smoothd him
With all the skill I had) though his deserts
Are in forme vglier then an vnshapte Bear.
Hee's reddy to prefer him to some office
And place at Court, A good and sure reliefe
To al his stooping fortunes twil be a meanes I hope,
To make new league between vs, and redeeme
His vertues with his landes.
Ser I should think so mistris. If he should not now

be kinde to you and loue you, and cheriſh you vp, I ſhould thinke the deuill himſelfe kept open houſe in him.

Wi. I doubt not but he will now, pre the leaue me, I think I heare him commin g.

Ser. I am gone. *Exit.*

Wife. By this good meanes I ſhal preſerue my lãds,
And free my huſband out of vſerers hands:
Now ther is no neede of ſale, my Vncle's kind
I hope, if ought, this will content his minde,
Here comes my huſband. *Enter Husband.*

Hu. Now, are you come, wher's the mony, lets ſee the mony, is the rubbiſh ſold, thoſe wiſeakers your lands, why when, the mony, where iſt, powr't down, down with it, downe with it, I ſay powr't oth ground lets ſee't, lets ſee't.

Wi. Good ſir, keep but in patience and I hope
My words ſhall like you well, I bring you better
Comfort then the ſale of my Dowrie.

Hu. Hah whats that?

Wi. Pray do not fright me ſir, but vouchſafe me hea-
ring, my Vncle glad of your kindnes to mee & milde vſage. for ſoe I made it to him? has in pitty
of your declining fortunes, proui ded
A place for you at Court of worth & credit,
which ſo much ouerioyd me

Hu. Out on thee filth, ouer and ouerioyd, *ſpurns her*
When Ime in torments?
Thou pollitick whore, ſubtiller then nine Deuils, was this thy iourney to Nuncke, to ſet downe the hiſtorie

of

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of me, of my ſtate and fortunes:
Shall I that Dedicated my ſelfe to pleaſure, be nowe
confind in ſeruice to crouch and ſtand like an old
man ith hams, my hat off, I that neuer could abide to
vncoyer my head ith Church, baſe ſlut, this fruite
beares thy complaints.
Wife. Oh heauen knowes,
That my complaintes were praiſes, and beſt wordes
of you, and your eſtate: onely my friends,
Knew of your morgagde Landes, and were poſſeſt
Of euery accident before I came.
If thou ſuſpect it but a plot in me
To keepe my dowrie, or for mine owne good
or my poore childrens: (though it ſutes a mother
To ſhow a naturall care in their reliefs,
Yet ile forget my ſelfe to calme your blood:
Conſume it, as your pleaſure counſels you,
And all I wiſhe, eene Clemency affoords:
giue mee but comely looks and modeſt wordes.
Hu. Money whore, money, or Ile-
Enters a ſeruant very haſtily.
What the deuel? how now? thy haſty news? *to his m....*
Se. Maie it pleaſe you ſir. *Seruant in a feare*
Hu. What? maie I not looke vpon my dagger?
Speake villaine, or I will execute the pointe on thee:
quick, ſhort.
Ser. Why ſir a gentlemã from the Vniuerſity ſtaies
below to ſpeake with you.
Hu. From the Vniuerſity? ſo, Vniuerſity
That long word ru ns through mee. *Exeunt.*

Was

Wi. Was euer wife ſo wretchedlie beſet, *Wif. alone*
Had not this newes ſtept in between, the point
Had offered violence to my breſt.
That which ſome women call greate miſery
Would ſhow but little heere: would ſcarce be ſeene
Amongſt my miſeries: I maie Compare
For wretched fortunes with all wiues that are,
Nothing will pleaſe him; vntill all be nothi ng.
He calls it ſlauery to be preferd.
A place of credit, a baſe ſeruitude.
What ſhall become of me, and my poore children,
Two here, and one at nurſe, my prettie beggers,
I ſee how ruine with a palſie hand
Begins to ſhake the auncient ſeat to duſt:
the heauy weight of ſorrow, drawes my liddes
Ouer my dankiſhe eies: I can ſcarce ſee,
Thus griefe will laſte, it wakes and ſleeps with mee.

Enter the Husband with the maſter of the Colledge.

Hu. Pleaſe you draw neer ſir, y' are exceeding welcome.

Ma. Thats my doubt, I fear, I come not to be welcome.

Huſ. yes howſoeuer.

Ma. Tis not my faſhion Sir to dwell in long circũſtance but to be plain, and effectuali, therefore to the purpoſe.

The cauſe of my ſetting forth was pittious and lamentable, that hopefull young gentleman your brother, whoſe vertues we all loue deerelie through your default

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default,and vnnaturall negligence lies in bond exe= cuted for your debt,a priſoner all ,his ſtudies amazed his hope ſtrook dead,and the pride of his youth muf- fled in theis dark clowds of oppreſſion.

Hus. Hum,vm vm.

Mr. Oh,you haue kild the towardeſt hope of all our vniueſitie: wherefore without repentance and a= mends,expect pandorus and ſuddain Iudgements to fall grieuoſly vpon you,your brother a man who pro- fited in his diuine Imployments mighte haue made ten thouſand ſoules fit for heauen,now by your care- leſſe courſes caſte in priſon which you muſt anſwere for,and aſſure your ſpirit it wil come home at length.

Hu. Oh god oh.

Mr. Wiſemen think ill of you, others ſpeake ill of you,no man loues you,nay euen thoſe whome ho- neſty condemnes,condemne you :and take this from the vertuous affection I beare your brother, neuer looke for proſperous hower ,good thought, quiet ſleepes,contented walkes, nor any thing that makes man perfect til you redeem him,what is your anſ- how will yov beſtow him,vpon deſperate mi- ye,or better hopes? I ſuffer,till I heare your anſwer.

Hu. Sir you haue much wrought with mee, I feele you in my ſoule,you are your artes maſter.
I neuer had ſence til now; your ſillables haue cleft me
Both for your words and pains I thank you: I cannot but acknowledge grieuous wronges done to my bro- ther,mighty,mighty,mighty wrongs.
Within there,

Enter a seruingman.

Sir *Hu.* Fil me a bowle of wine. Alas poore brother,
Brus'd with an execution for my sake *Exit seruant*
Mr. A bruse indeed makes many a mortall *for wine.*
Sore till the graue cure em

Enter with wine.

Hu. Sir I begin to you, y'aue chid your welcome:
Mr. I could haue wisht it better for your sake,
I pledge you sir, to the kind man in prison.
Hu. Let it be soe?
Now Sir if you so please *Drink both.*
To spend but a fewe minuts in a walke
about my grounds below, my man heere shall attend
you: I doubt not but by that time to be furnisht of a
sufficient answere, and therein my brother fully satis-
fied.
Mr. Good sir in that, the Angells would be pleasd,
And the worlds murmures calmd, and I should saye
I set forth then vpon a lucky daie. *Exit.*
Hu. Oh thou confused man, thy pleasant sins haue
hee thy damnation has beggerd thee, that
heauen should say we must not sin, and yet made wo-
men: giues our sences waie to finde pleasure, which
being found confounds vs, why shold we know those
things so much misuse vs--oh would vertue had been
forbidden, wee should then haue prooued all vertu-
ous, for tis our bloude to loue what we are forbidden,
had not drunkennes byn forbidden what man wold
haue

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haue been foole to a beaſt, and Zany to a ſwine to ſhow tricks in the mire, what is there in three dice to make a man draw thrice three thouſand acres into the compaſſe of a round little table, & with the gentlemans palſy in the hand ſhake out his poſteritie, thieues or beggars: tis done, I ha don't yfaith: terrible horrible miſery.——————how well was I left, very well, very wel.

My Lands ſhewed like a full moone about mee, but nowe the moon's ith laſt quarter, wayning, waining, And I am mad to think that moone was mine:

Mine and my fathers, and my forefathers generations, generations: downe goes the howſe of vs, down, downe; it ſincks: Now is the name a beggar, begs in me that name which hundreds of yeeres has made this ſhiere famous: in me, and my poſterity runs out.

In my ſeede fiue are made miſerable beſides my ſelfe, my ryot is now my brothers iaylor, my wiues ſighing, my three boyes penurie, and mine own confuſion: *Teares his haire.*

Why ſit my haires vpon my curſed head?

Will not this poyſon ſcatter them? oh my brothers

In execution among deuells that ſtretch him: & make him giue. And I in want, not able for to lyue.

Nor to redeeme him,

Divines and dying men may talke of hell,

But in my heart her ſeuerall torments dwell,

Slauery and myſery.

Who in this caſe would not take vp mony vpon his ſoule, pawn his ſaluation, liue at intereſt:

I that did euer in aboundance dwell,
for me to want, exceeds the throwes of hel.

Enters his little sonne with a top and a scourge.

Son. What aile you father, are you not well, I cannot scourge my top as long as you stand so: you take vp all the roome with your wide legs, puh you cannot make mee afeard with this, I feare no vizards, nor bugbeares.

Husb, takes vp the childe by the skirts of his long coate in one hand and drawes his dagger with th'other.

Hu. Vp sir, for heer thou hast no inheritance left.

Sonne. Oh what will you do father, I am your white boie.

Hu. Thou shalt be my red boie, take that. *strikes him*

Son: Oh you hurt me father.

Hu. My eldest beggar: thou shalt not liue to aske an vsurer bread, to crie at a great mans gate, or followe good your honour by a Couch, no, nor your brother charity to braine you.

Son. How shall I learne now my heads broke?

Hu. Bleed bleed rather then beg beg? *stabs him.*
be not thy names disgrace:
Spurne thou thy fortunes first if they be base:
Come view thy second brother: fates,
My childrens bloud shall spin into your faces,
you shall see.
How Confidently we scorne beggery?

Exit with his Sonne.

Enter

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Enter a maide with a child in her armes, the mother by her a sleepe.

M. Sleep sweet babe sorrow makes thy mother sleep,
It boades small good when heauines falls so deepe,
Hush prettie boy thy hopes might haue been better,
Tis lost at Dice what ancient honour won,
Hard when the father plaies awaie the Sonne:
No thing but misery serues in this house.
ruine and desolation oh

Enter husband with the boie bleeding.

Hu: Whore, giue me that boy, *Strives with her for the*
M. Oh help, help, out alas, murder murder, *child.*
Hus. Are you gossiping, prating sturdy queane, Ile
breake your clamor with your neck down staires:
Tumble, tumble, headlong, *Throws her down.*
So, the surest waie to charme a womans tongue
Is break hir neck, a pollitician did it.
Son Mother, mother, I am kild mother,
Ha, whose that cride oh me my children: *W. wakes*
both, both, both; bloudy, bloudy. *catches up the yongest.*
Hu. Strumpet let go the boy, let go the beggar.
Wi. Oh my sweet husband,
Hus. Filth, harlot.
Wi. Oh what will you doe deare husband,
Hus. Gine me the bastard,
Wi. Your owne sweet boy,
Hu. There are too many beggars.
Wi. Good my hus-band,
Hu. Doest thou preuent me still?

Wi. Oh god', *Stabs at the child in*
Huſ. Haue at his hart *hir armes.*
Wi. Oh my deare boy, *gets it from hir.*
Hu. Brat thou ſhalt not liue to ſhame thy howſe,
Wi. Oh heauen *ſhee's hurt and ſinks downe.*
Hu. And periſh now begon,
Ther's whores enow, and want wold make thee one.

Enter a luſty ſeruant.

Ser. Oh Sir what deeds are theſe?
Huſ. Baſe ſlaue my vaſſail:
Comſt thou between my fury to queſtion me
Ser: Were you the Deuil I would hold you ſir,
Hu. Hould me? preſumption, Ile vndoe thee for't,
Ser, Sbloud you haue vndone vs all ſir,
Hu. Tug at thy maſter,
Ser. Tug at a Monſter.
Hus. Haue I no power, ſhall my ſlaue fetter me?
Ser. Nay then the Deuil wraſtles, I am thowne,
Hu: Oh villane now Ile tug thee, *ouer comes him.*
now Ile teare thee,
ſet quick ſpurres to my vaſſaile, bruize him,
trample him, ſo, I think thou wilt not folow me in haſt
My horſe ſtands reddy ſadled, away, away,
Now to my brat at nurſſe, my ſucking begger:
Fates, Ile not leaue you one to trample one.

The Maſter meets him.

Ma. How iſt with you ſir me thinks you looke of a diſtracted colour.
Hu. Who I ſir, tis but your fancie,
Pleaſe you walke in Sir, and Ile ſoone reſolue you,

I wan

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I want one ſmall parte to make vp the ſom,
And then my brother ſhall reſt ſatiſſied,
Mr. I ſhall be glad to ſee it, ſir Ile attend you. *Exeu.*
Ser Oh I am ſcarce able to heaue vp my ſelfe:
H'as ſo bruizd me with his diueliſh waight,
And torne my fleſh with his bloud-haſty ſpurre
A man before of eaſie conſtitution
Till now hells power ſupplied; to his ſoules wrong,
Oh how damnation can make weake men ſtrong.
Enter Maſter, and two ſeruants.
Ser. Oh the moſt pitteous deed ſir ſince you came.
Mr. A deadly greeting: has he ſomde vp theis
To ſatiſſie his brother? heer's an other:
And by the bleeding infants, the dead mother.
Wi. Oh oh.
Mr. Surgeons, Surgeons, ſhe recouers life
One of his men al faint and bloudied.
1. Seru. Follow, our murderous maſter has took horſe
To kill his child at nurſe, oh follow quickly.
Mr. I am the readieſt, it ſhal be my charge
To raiſe the towne vpon him *Exit Mr and ſeruant.*
1 Ser. Good ſir do follow him.
Wi. Oh my children.
1. Ser. How is it with my moſt afflicted Miſtris?
Wi. Why, do I now recouer? why half liue?
To ſee my children bleede before mine eies.
A ſight able to kill a mothers breſt
Without an executioner, what art thou mãgled too?
1. Ser, I thinking to preuent what his quicke miſ-
chieſes had ſo ſoone acted; came and ruſht vpon him

Wee

We ſtrugled, but a fowler ſtrength then his
Ore threw me with his armes, then did he bruize me
And rent my fleſh, and robd me of my haire
Like a man mad in execution
Made me vnfit to riſe and follow him.

Wi. What is it has beguild him of all grace?
And ſtole awaie humanity from his breſt?
To ſlaie his children, purpoſ'd to kill his wife,
And ſpoile his ſaruants.

Enters two ſeruants.

Ambo ſir, Pleaſe you leaue this moſt accurſed place,
a ſurgeon waites within.

Wi. Willing to leaue it,
Tis guiltie of ſweete bloud, innocent bloud,
Murder has tooke this chamber with ful hands,
And wil nere out as long as the honſe ſtands. *Exeunt*

Enter Husband as being thrown off his horſe, And falls.

Hu. Oh ſtumbling Iade the ſpauin ouertake thee,
the fiftie diſeaſes ſtop thee,
Oh, I am ſorely bruiſde, plague founder thee,
Thou runſt at eaſe and pleaſure, hart, of chance
to Throw me now within a flight oth Towne,
In ſuch plaine euen ground, ſfot, a man may dice vp-
on't, and throw awaie the Medowes, filthy beaſt.

Crie within Follow, follow, follow.

Huſ. Ha? I hear ſounds of men; like hew and crie:
vp, vp, and ſtruggle to thy horſe, make on

dil-

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Dispatch that little begger and all's done.
Kni. Heere, this waie, this waye:
Hus. At my backe? oh,
What fate haue I, my limbes deny mee go,
My will is bated, beggery claimes a parte.
Oh could I here reach to the infants heart.

Enter M. of the Colledge, 3. Gentlemen, and others with Holberds.

Finde him.

All. Heere, heere, yonder, yonder.
Mr. Vnnaturall, flintie, more then barbarous:
The Scithians in their marble hearted fates,
Could not haue acted more remorseleſſe deeds
In their relentleſſe natures, then theſe of thine:
Was this the answear I long waited on,
The satisfaction for thy prisoned brother?
Hus. Why, he can haue no more on's then our skins,
And some of em want but fleaing.
1. *Gen.* Great sinnes haue made him impudent:
Mr. H'as shed so much bloud that he cannot blush.
2. *Ge.* Away with him, bear him a long to the Iuttices:
A gentleman of woorship dwels at hand,
There shall his deeds be blazd;
Hus. Why all the better,
My glory tis to haue my action knowne,
I grieue for nothing, but I miſt of one:
Mr. Ther's little of a father in that griefe:
Beare him away.

Exeunt.

Enters a knight with two or three Gentlemen.

Knig. Endangered so his wife? murdered his children?

4. *Gen.* So the Cry comes.

Kni, I am sorry I ere knew him,
That euer he took life and naturall being
From such an honoured stock, and fair discent;
Til this black minut without staine or blemish:

4 *Gent.* Here come the men.

Enter the master of the colledge and the rest, with the prisoner.

Kni. The serpent of his house? Ime sorry for this time that I am in place of iustice.

Mr. Please you Sir.

Kni. Doe not repeate it twice I know too muche, would it had nere byn thought on:
Sir I bleede for you.

4 *Gent.* Your fathers sorrows are aliue in me:
What made you shew such monstrous crueltie:
a worde Sir,
I hane cousumd all, plaid awaie long acre,
And I thought it the charitablest deed I could doe
To cussen beggery: and knock my house oth head.

Kni. Oh in a cooler bloud you will repent it.

Hus. I repent now, that ones left vnkild,
My brat at nurse. Oh I would ful fain haue weand him

Knigh. Well, I doe not think but in to morrowes iudgement.
The terror will sit closer to your soule,

When

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When the dread thought of death remembers you
to further which, take this sad voice from me:
Neuer was act plaid more vnnaturally.
Huſ. I thank you Sir.
Kni. Goe leade him to the Iayle,
Where iuſtice claimes all, there muſt pitty faile.
Huſ. Come come, awaie with me. *Exit priſoner.*
Mr. Sir, you deſerue the worſhip of your place,
Would all did ſo: in you the law is grace,
Kni. It is my wiſh it ſhould be ſo,
Ruinous man, the deſolation of his howſe, the blot
Vpon his predeceſſors honord name:
That man is neereſt ſhame that is paſt ſhame. *Exit.*

Enter Huſband with the officers, The Maiſter and gentlemen as going by his houſe.

Hu. I am right againſt my howſe, ſeat of my Anceſtors: Iheare my wif's aliue; but much endangered:
Let me intreat to ſpeak with her
before the priſon gripe me.

Enter his wife brought in a chaire.

Gent. See heer ſhe comes of her ſelfe,
Wi. Oh my ſweete Huſ-band, my deere diſtreſſed huſband, now in the hands of vnrelenting lawes,
My greateſt ſorrow, my extremeſt bleeding,
Now my ſoule bleeds.
Hu. How now? kind to me? did I not wound thee, left thee for dead.
Wife. Tut farre greater wounds did my breſt feele,
Vnkindnes ſtrikes a deeper wound then ſteele,

You haue been ſtill vnkinde to mee:
Huſ. Faith, and ſo I thinke I haue:
I did my murthers roughly out of hand,
Deſperate and ſuddaine, but thou haſt deuiz'd
A fine way now to kill me, thou haſt ginen mine eies
Seauen woonds a peece; now glides the deuill from
mee, departes at euery ioynt, heaues vp my nailes:
Oh catch him new torments, that were near inuẽted,
Binde him one thouſand more you bleſſed Angells
In that pit bottomleſſe, let him not riſe
To make men act vnnaturall tragedies
To ſpred into a father, and in furie,
Make him his childreus executioners:
Murder his wife, his ſeruants, and who not?
For that man's darke, where heauen is quite forgot.
Wi. Oh my repentant husband.
Huſ. My deere ſoull, whom I too much haue wrongd,
For death I die, and for this haue I longd.
Wi. Thou ſholdſt not (be aſſurde) for theſe faults die,
If the law cold forgiue aſſoone as I,
[illegible]at ſight is yonder? *Children laid out.*
Wi. Oh our two bleeding boyes laid forth vpon
the threſholde. (crack
Hu. Heer's weight enough to make a heart-ſtring
Oh were it lawfull that your prettie ſoules
Might looke from heauen into your fathers eyes,
Then ſhould you ſee the penitent glaſſes melt,
And both your murthers ſhoote vpon my cheekes,
But you are playing in the Angells lappes,
And will not looke on me,

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Who void of grace, kild you in beggery.
Oh that I might my wiſhes now attaine,
I ſhould then wiſh you liuing were againe:
Though I did begge with you, which thing I feard,
Oh twas the enemy my eyes ſo bleard.
Oh would you could pray heauen me to forgine,
That will vnto my end repentant liue.
Wi. It makes me eene forget all other ſorrowes
and leaue parte with this. Come will you goe,
Huſ. Ile kiſſe the bloud I ſpilt and then I goe:
my ſoull is bloudied, well may my lippes be ſo.
Farewell deere wife, now thou and I muſt parte,
I of thy wrongs repeut me with my harte.
Wi. Oh ſtaye thou ſhalt not goe:
Huſ. That's but in vaine, you ſee it muſt be ſo.
Farewell ye bloudie aſhes of my boyes,
My puniſhments are their eternall ioyes.
Let euery father looke into my deedes,
And then their heirs may proſper while mine bleeds.
Wi. More wretched am I now in this diſtreſſe, *Exeunt*
then former ſorrows made me. *Husband with holl...*
Mr. Oh kinde wife be comforted,
One ioy is yet vnmurdered:
You haue a boy at nurſſe your ioy's in him.
Wi: Dearer then all is my poore husbands life:
Heauen giue my body ſtrength, which yet is faint
With much expence of bloud, and I will kneele,
Sue for his life, nomber vp all my friends,
To plead for pardon my deare husbands life.
Mr: Was it in man to woond ſo kinde a creature?

Ile

Ile euer praiſe a woman for thy ſake,
I muſt returne with griefe my anſwer's ſet:
I ſhall bring newes weies heauier then the debt:
Two brothers: one in bond lies ouerthrowne
This, on a deadlier execution.

FINIS.

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Shakespeare